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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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OH, HEART OF MINE!

Oh, heart of mine, be patient!
Some glad day,
With all life's problems
Solved for aye,
With all its storms and doubtings
Cleared away,
With all its little disappointments past—
It shall be thine to understand at last.
Be patient; some sweet day
The anxious care,
The fears and trials, and the
Hidden snare,
The grief that comes upon thee
Unaware—
Shall with the fleeting years be laid aside,
And thou shalt then be fully satisfied.
—*Christian Herald.*

STROKE OF RUIN.

It was moonlight and rather in the balmy evening, with a breeze fluttering along Royal Street, and the sound of a guitar coming from an indefinite distance. No street-cars were running and but few strollers—these mostly creoles in high-heeled shoes tapping lightly on the banquettes—went up and down the narrow way.

Boyle Harding leaned back in an easy chair on the iron-railed balcony, or gallery, which overhung the sidewalk and smoked slowly, with half-closed eyes. He was awaiting and expecting the arrival of his young friend, Francois Rapin, who had lately interested him to a singular degree.

Even at the moment, up the uncarpeted stairway came the active creole's feet, two steps at a time, along with a lively tune sung almost breathlessly through a curving black mustache.

"Ah, but here I am," he cried, issuing through the doorway and tripping a gay step along the floor toward Harding.

"Well and what is it?" demanded the New Yorker. "What have you found out?"

"Bah!" He produced a cigarette and asked for a light by an inimitable pantomime with head and shoulders. "Maybe she went to the French opera. Go with me. I have a box. Come."

"But haven't you yet seen her?"

"Seen her! How should I know? M. Harding forgets the conditions." He laughed in his atrociously frivolous French way.

"I beg pardon," said Harding quickly. "I have indeed forgotten that I did not know her name, her place of residence, nor yet even the color of her eyes. Yes, I will go with you to the opera. Everybody goes, eh?"

"Not everybody, but everybody of the best. It is the distinction. We draw the line in front of the boxes."

"Not the dead line, I hope."

"Even that sometimes; yes. I have known a glance of sweet eyes to cost a man his best blood under the oaks. Are you a good fencer?"

Boyle Harding made no answer, but flung his cigar stump over the iron filigree down into the street, where it coruscated on the cobblestones, and then he rose and shook himself lightly as one does who forms an imperfect plan or feels vaguely impatient over delayed expectations.

The sky above New Orleans was as blue as a sapphire, and the irregular old houses along Royal Street caught many a stray glint from the splendid moon. Harding was in a mood to feel all the force of such a scene. He had come south a fortnight past with letters of introduction to influential people but he was not seeking society. A quiet sojourn in New Orleans with his eyes and ears open suited him better. He was young, however, brimful of blood, and was surcharged with a poet's imagination.

What was perhaps just the thing he would have most desired came to him unexpectedly one day. It was a twinkle of romance in the gloom of Royal Street. He suddenly met a beautiful young woman face to face at the door of Gracien's old book store, a dingy hole where you find the contents of French libraries that have been sold at successive sales or picked up at auction. Warm eyes exchanged an involuntary look which seemed to have a glow of inquiry struck out of iris points. Harding was electrified and impulsively lifted his hat. She passed him with a half smile, leaving a breath of violets and the rustled of a gown quietly elegant in the air round about.

The color of her hair, her height,

the tint of her eyes, her complexion—he could not fix one of these in his mind, but he knew that she was the loveliest, the most enchanting girl that ever breathed. The impression entered his consciousness so suddenly and set itself so deep and with such a thrill of romantic pleasure that he stopped short in the door and stood there, hat in hand, smiling reminiscently and listening to the purr of his own blood sweetly quickening along the veins.

A lover is a great fool, but he is the only man who knows what song it was that the stars sang and to him you must go if you would learn the secret of heavenly happiness and the value of dreams as nutriment for the imagination. A lover's soul will treble its stature by feeding one moment on a smile.

In fact, Boyle Harding had felt this sudden growth within. It had quickened, broadened and sweetened his spiritual vision, while affording a fine and richly mysterious increment to his enjoyment of his new surroundings.

This was midway in the fifties, when New Orleans had reached the splendid zenith of her wealth, and when the peculiar color of her social life was most dazzling and romantic. As an American city she stood apart, a hot, almost tropical, heart of passion, luxury, pleasure and abounding hospitality. And with it all went the old freedom of chivalric personal courage and the love of spectacular results in matters of honor.

Harding and his young creole friend set out on foot—it was but a short step to the opera house—and as they went along Ralph was prattling on the subject of fencing, always in great vogue with the jeunesse doree of New Orleans. He was himself a rich orphan, living upon an almost unlimited income, and had long been a confirmed habitue of the fencing halls. Having seen some rapiers and foils in Harding's rooms he was saying:

"But you must be interested in sword play—in fencing. It is the noblest of all the exercises for gentlemen, and your physique is precisely made up for it. You must be a master, or you could be."

"I have had good masters," Harding replied in an evasive tone, "but I am losing interest in it."

"Your masters were in New York?"

"No; Paris. I had M. Duval for three years."

"M. Duval! You had M. Charles Duval for three years?"

"Yes."

"Ah, what fortune! He, and he only, teaches the 'stroke of ruin,' which pierces across from shoulder, to shoulder, disabling the victim for life yet never killing him!" Rapin spoke enthusiastically, and after a moment's pause added almost breathlessly:

"And you learned his stroke! Oh, but I am overjoyed, and you will teach me to do it? Ah, monsieur, I shall be your life-long debtor. I have dreamed of that incomparable thrust. I have made two journeys to Paris to learn it; but you must know, M. Duval is an ancient enemy of my father. I could not go to him and his pupils are so few and so—so—so distinguished—and exclusive that I could not reach one of them."

Harding laughed at the youth's frankness and told him pleasantly that he should be glad to give him the secret instruction. Thereupon Rapin almost hugged him, and they were just entering the opera house.

A great curve of splendor, a flash of faces, throats, bosoms, jewels, laces, eyes, fans—a bewildering horizon of corsages, coiffures, necklaces, bracelets, rings; a foam of airy gowns sinking and swelling gently, like surf froth against a beach of fairyland. Harding gazed in half-blinded stupidity, so he felt and could see no details, could make out no individual face distinctly. It all struck him as some vast spectacle of barbarous gewgaw splendor, and yet nothing that he had ever seen could compare with it in unity of effect. The boxes were all full of beauty and queenly costume, so accented that nowhere else could such insistences upon decoration have been toler-

able. There, however, it was the perfection of color, grace, brilliance and condensed, passionate beauty of expression such as the Greeks of Alexandria dreamed of in their luxurious exhibitions.

Harding and Rapin were the only persons in their box, which was well to one side of the great curve. On the stage a celebrated ballet favorite was kicking neatly through one of her captivating passages.

"We will begin the lessons tomorrow," murmured Rapin. "I shall be an apt scholar, monsieur."

"Yes," said Harding absently. He was gazing along the great sweep of beauty and light.

"But excuse me a moment or two," the creole added after awhile, when the curtain was down, "I am going to call at the box of a friend."

He went, and Harding continued his survey, which now that his eyes had somewhat accustomed themselves to the glamour, became more real and absorbingly interesting.

Presently he saw Rapin in a box, a magnificent one, near the center, talking with a tall young woman—and it was she. There could be no doubt for a moment. The thrill through Harding's heart told as much as the girl's resplendent yet in a way subdued beauty.

Harding's eyes were fixed. The trance of that old time love which men used to acknowledge was upon him. His strong, healthy, boyish nature plunged into the thick of a passionate romance as fervid as it was pure and sincere. And at the very central moment she turned from Rapin and looked straight at him. Moreover, he could see a light of quick interest come into her face. They were speaking of him.

The prosy fact was that Rapin, in his enthusiastic way, had been telling Mlle. Marie de Montmartin—that was her name—about his good fortune in finding a master to teach him the "stroke of ruin," and he had directed her attention to the young man in his box. But for Mlle. Marie de Montmartin, we may as well say that she glanced mechanically, then looked again. Harding was a superbly handsome young athlete, a flower of perfect manhood with a face never to be forgotten by any woman.

Rapin presently returned to the box, bringing with him, or at least Harding fancied it, a breath of exquisite violet perfume which had been haunting Harding's memory for days and nights together.

"Who is she—the young lady in the box where you've been?"

The abrupt inquiry and a certain timbre of Harding's voice betrayed his emotion to the quick creole.

"Oh, she—that is Mlle. Marie de Montmartin. Lovely, isn't she? You might envy me, M. Harding. She is my betrothed."

"Ah,"—Harding hesitated and a palish change passed over his face, like a fleece cloud over some glorified space of sky. Then he coolly added: "I do envy you. Yes, she is the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen. She is the one I met in the old bookstore door. You are quick to find."

Rapin colored.

"Thank you," he said, as the curtain went up and the prima donna strode forth with a superb swing.

The next day Rapin came to Harding's rooms for his initial lesson, but the young man begged a postponement. He was not feeling in good form, he said, and averse to exercises.

And now Harding's powerful letters of introduction came into play. The only son of General Stanope Harding had the key to open even the exclusive gate of the mansion wherein the ancient family traditions of Montmartin were kept in an atmosphere of their own. Here the young man found Mlle. Marie even more fascinating than his imagination had pictured her.

We must acquit him. He did not deliberately seek to gain her affections. Indeed, there was no need to seek. She claimed him at sight, and the way was love's sweetest path. Rapin was forgotten as a merely conventional lover must always be when the true one comes rushing in, all aglow and all powerful.

Marie's parents were delighted. There was no obstacle, religious or

other, and an alliance with the Harding family was something to be proud of, so in due course of time the engagement was announced and the wedding day approached.

Harding had been to New York. He returned late in November, radiant with happy aspirations, and took rooms as before, but now in the St. Charles. He brought some friends with him, and his parents would be coming a little later.

I have said that a lover is a fool. His vanity, moreover, cannot be overestimated, and the selfishness of his passion plays him small yet irresistible tricks. Harding had a desire to go again to the old book store of Carcin, on Royal Street, and have his first meeting with Marie over once more in his imagination. He slipped away from the hotel furtively and with a foolish stir in his blood.

The morning was like a summer's dream, clothing the old city in films of chastened splendor. Up and down the narrow streets clacked the high-heeled boots of the little creoles. Fruit stands heaped with luscious oranges, bananas, apples, dashed the air with a rich bouquet, and there were roses everywhere. Harding held his head high and walked swiftly.

When we go to seek an illusion, we are pretty sure to find a reality. It is not the scheme of nature to humor us in luxuries. At Carcin's door Harding came abruptly face to face with Francois Rapin, whom he had not seen since the announcement of the coming nuptials. Somehow it was a surprise, but Rapin's face showed a quick smile.

Harding stopped short in his tracks and would have probably put forth his hand in a friendly offer of salutation, but just then his hat was lightly tapped from his head by Rapin, who immediately picked it up and handed it to him, saying:

"Monsieur Harding will now remember his promise to teach me the mysterious stroke of M. Duval."

He bowed low and was gone, while a card fluttered down at Harding's feet. It bore Rapin's address.

At first Harding's heat of temper was great, but reflection led him to consult his friends, who ridiculed the thought of a duel. He was glad to escape, for, although a born fighter, this was no time to be risk his life or be killing a man.

He had, however, considered but one side of that advisory board which always exists in such cases. His northern friends were unanimously opposed to the duel, but now he must be frank and lay the matter before his fiancée's family.

"You must fight him, sir," said Montmartin.

"Of course there is but one way open to a gentleman," sighed Marie; "you must challenge him."

The Montmartin household and all the Montmartin circle were as a unit on this point. No evasion was to be considered, since Rapin smilingly refused to apologize, and so Harding sent the challenge, which was promptly accepted.

They met at sunrise under the "oaks" so well known to dueling history. Merrily clinked their rapiers for honor's sake and Marie's. That was but about forty years ago, and yet what a distance! What a far-spun the world has made down the "groove of change" since then! Farragut and Butler have been in the city; the reconstruction terror has come and gone; the reassertion of State authority followed the victory of the citizens over the alien soldiers; the lottery is gone; the city is rich once more. See the bales of cotton, the hogsheds, the barrels, the bags on the levee! And there are no more duels.

Yesterday a white haired man whose shoulders drooped strangely and whose two arms dangled half paralyzed beside him walked down Royal Street.

"That is Francois Rapin," said a creole to some friends. "He got that wound in the celebrated duel with Harding."

"Ye-s-s," drawled another of the group, with a queer little shrug, "ye-e-s. Mr. Harding taught him the 'stroke of ruin,' ha, ha! C'est vrai, n'est-ce pas?"

I followed with curious gaze the retreating form of Rapin, recalled at the same time that Boyle Hard-

ing and his wife were now living in Nice, where, in most comfortable circumstances and loaded with fame, Harding writes his novels and plays with his grandchildren. His wife is said to be still beautiful and very domestic.—*Maurice Thompson, in Vanity.*

MILLIONS IN WASTE.

LARGE FORTUNES MADE FROM THINGS THAT WERE THROWN AWAY—GERM OF INDIAN CORN PRODUCES "OLIVE" OIL, BUTTONS ARE MADE OF BLOOD, NEW CLOTH FROM RAGS, NEW IRON FROM SCRAPS—WHAT THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY HAS DONE.

In conserving all products and substances that go to support of human life, and make up the need of man's desires, in the matter of frugality and domestic economy, the French people have been considered the most successful.

To a Frenchman, Professor Ernest Mas, who was an immigrant to the United States, the public is indebted for the scientific discovery, and its practical application, by which corn oil can be refined. His labors have resulted in the utilization of the germ part of a kernel of corn, that had always been treated as refuse of no more worth than the flying sawdust in a lumber mill.

A saving that amounts to millions annually is effected from the by-product of glucose that is ground from corn. The science of chemistry has done far more than this, so that the importance of the discoveries of new and cheap by-products of various kinds, is second only to the achievements with steam and electricity during the century that is now coming to an end.

All kinds of waste, the contents of the garbage barrel, the refuse straw from the stable, iron from the scrap heap, are compounded with chemical solutions or reduced with furnace heat and made to serve again the purposes of man. The New York Press has been investigating this field of economic research and development. The revelations are really astonishing.

"By-products," says the Press, "represent the profits of many of our great manufacturing enterprises. Our meat is brought home wrapped in a by-product. We eat by-products in soups and salads and desserts. By-products are the comfort of upholstered chairs and keep these same chairs from falling to pieces. Even the very well-to-do cannot escape wearing by-products and the poor are almost entirely clothed with by-products in winter. If we write to a friend, we write on a by-product, and the pen-holder, be it of wood, rubber, or cork, and the mullage on the stamp which pays the carriage of the letter to its destination are by-products.

"Our ancestors knew nothing of the practical chemistry which has been responsible for the utilization of waste. In every manufacture there is one leading product, and its price is cheapened in small or great measure by the improvement in utilizing the side products. In some instances, as in the manufacture of gas, the by-products are far more valuable than the main product.

"Out of the yellow speck by which the kernel of Indian corn reproduces itself, the Havemeyers, Pierpont Morgan, and other capitalists are making annually a million dollars, which comes to them more easily than the richest gold mine brought wealth to the prospector who found it.

"One day, in squeezing one of the yellow specks between the nails of his thumb, a man took particular notice of the moisture which was the result, and a short time afterward the glucose companies were getting great quantities of oil out of their waste germs by simple hydraulic pressure. But this oil would not submit to any of the processes by which cottonseed and other vegetable oils are refined. Now that corn oil can be refined by the process invented by Professor Mas, we turn it out of bottles bearing the label of a foreign exporter without knowing the difference between it and the oil of the best olives of the south of France, which it pur-

ports to be—unless some one lets us into the secret, whereupon we feel greatly outraged.

"Possibly one day the chemists will be able to make oils as well as garbage into paving blocks. They do make them into substitutes for rubber. Professor Mas has vulcanized corn oil. So successfully, in fact, are waste products now used as substitutes for rubber, that of the rubber goods of all kinds, from combs to hot water bags, only a fraction of the material used is fresh rubber from Brazil. Professor Mas believes that the time will come when we shall import scarcely any rubber, and the farmer's gum boots will be grown at home instead of on the banks of the Amazon. With cast off rubber worth from ten to fifteen cents a pound, only that part of the manufactured product which is distributed in atoms by wear and the few old overshoes in the country districts that go where lost pins go, escape the crook of that modern shepherd, the ragman. As compensation for wearing rubber over and over again—the lot of the millionaire as well as of the poor man—we get our rubber goods for half what they would cost if made entirely from fresh Para rubber.

A material so common and so indispensable as paper—plain paper both white and brown, that was formerly manufactured of rags and old rope, is now made of wood pulp, stable straw, the tops of potato plants, sage brush, and even out of the undigested food in the paunches of beeves. Of course, there has been a great cheapening in the cost of production of this staple article.

THE PAUNCHES OF BEEVES.

too, are pressed into bricks of fuel for frying the steer's own fat. The chemists and experts of our slaughter-houses in Chicago and Kansas City have been so diligent that no part of the carcass of a slaughtered animal is permitted to be thrown away. The horns, the hide, the hair, the hoofs, bones, and intestines—every component part is made to serve in the production of some useful substance. Oleomargarine, a substitute for butter, is one of the best known by-products of the packing house. If there is anything left of the carcass before mentioned, it goes to the fertilizer works, a maw which gets every atom that cannot be otherwise utilized.

The Germans, who, like the Chinese, are extremely adept in the tricks and impositions of trade and manufacture, take bones from the packing houses and make knife handles, piano keys, and other substitutes for ivory.

Not all of the sinews go into glue, gelatine, and neat-foot oil, but the best of them are treated by a process which transforms them into a good substitute for whalebone. Those of the intestines that are not used for sausage casings are made into fertilizer. Brewers use many of the bullocks' weasands, and the remainder are made into casings for fancy sausage and croquettes. Blood is cooked and pressed into buttons, and liquid blood, whipped free of its coagulatory principle, febrine, is shipped in casks to the sugar refineries.

The hair of the steer serves its old-time purpose for making plaster, and the bristles of the hog serve theirs, only they are now found useful as well for the softer and cheaper grades of curled hair. Out of washing the wool of the sheep is secured a fatty substance, suit de gras, which, in its highest state of purity, becomes the pharmaceutical compound known as lanoline—a favorite remedy for chapping and sunburn.

Refuse of great cities has probably baffled more experts in the utilization of waste products than anything else. There is enough nitrogen in the sewage of New York alone to increase the wheat-raising capacity of Dakota, Minnesota and Kansas by 20 per cent. It is all going to waste. There is no process known by which it can be saved at an outlay less than the value of the recovered product.

THE RAGS OF NEW YORK.

before they are finally utilized, are separated into forty different classes. Some go abroad and some remain at home to be made into

paper. We send enough rags to England and Germany every year to furnish 200,000 people with clothes.

In the Yorkshire district of the mother country the manufacturers make fairly good cloth out of rags which were spun from the fresh wool, and out of second-hand shoddy they make felts and very thick textiles, which have a strong warp of cotton to hold the fragments of wool together. The Englishman who first spun wool rags into cloth was made a baronet and established as great an industrial town as Pullman, which bears his name. His follower, who went him one better and spun cloth out of the rags of his cloth, became many times a millionaire, while the success of another man, Lord Masham, who is at the head of a mill for making silk out of silk rags, elevated him to a peerage of the realm.

"We can spin anything that has two ends," is the motto of the textile experts, and shoddy, mungo, and all other by-products in textiles have been conducted to give the inhabitants of the earth more, which most of them need in winter, if not better clothing.

There is one thing, however, that no Yorkshireman, German, or Dutchman can do. Shoddy leather cannot be spun out of the cracked and bulging uppers and the thin soles of the cast-off foot wear of our body politic. They can be turned into prussiate of potash, and that is the beginning and end of their usefulness, except as the hobo purloins them from the garbage barrel and makes them do service until luck brings him a better pair.

What, in the variety of products, the steer is to the animal kingdom, coal is to the mineral kingdom.

IN MAKING COKE.

now it is a question whether the coke itself, the coal tar, or the illuminating gas is to be considered the main product. Before illuminating gas, which belongs entirely to this century, was used, coal tar was manufactured as a main product for coating iron castings, for smith work, for making an inferior lamp black, and a source of solvent oil.

The most successful and remarkable gas and coke plant in the country is that of the New England Gas and Coke Company at Everett, Mass., where the new ovens, which save a great deal of gas that was heretofore wasted, are now in operation. A. M. Whitney, brother of W. C. Whitney, is at the head of this company. The Whitneys are going to furnish Boston with both heating and illuminating gas as a by-product, and the price they get for that does not represent all their profits, by any means.

It is their plan to induce railroads to use coke instead of coal. Coke has the advantage of throwing off no cinders. They can sell the coke so cheaply that the railroads can afford to make the change, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford is already introducing it.

Anyone who lives near a Standard Oil refinery knows by comparing the amount of waste and smells with the greater amount of waste and the greater smell of ten years ago what wonders their chemists have accomplished in the utilization of its tar, its sludge acid, and its other side products. Today it can sell all, where ten years ago it could not sell half, of its naphtha.

A queer point about this Standard Oil Company affair is that only a few years ago the taxpayers living in the neighborhood of the works spent thousands of dollars to force the company to cease dumping its waste into the Kill von Kull, and the company spent enormous sums fighting the necessary legislation. State and federal authority had to be invoked to force it to do what has turned out to be one of the most profitable things that it ever did—to cease wasting its sludge acid and other material which now is turned into by-products.

Germany has 5782 associations of turners, with 578,102 members.

One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth. 84,000 pounds of hops were shipped last month by a sailing vessel from San Francisco, California, to Melbourne, Australia.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1899.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

ANOTHER old-timer has laid aside the mantle of official activity, on account of enfeebled health and the weight of years. Dr. Philip G. Gillett, for whom so many of the deaf of Illinois and other States cherish a warm and enduring affection, has, temporarily at least, sought rest and freedom from work and worry in the bosom of his family. His many years of usefulness at the head of the Illinois Institution, and his national prominence as an authority on the education of the deaf, are too well known to require extended mention; while his name is a synonym of love for the deaf in the State of Illinois. The JOURNAL joins in the universal prayer that the good doctor will be restored to health and strength, and that he may long be spared to help and influence the work to which his whole life and entire energy has been devoted—the education of the deaf.

AGAIN Prof. H. C. Hammond enters the profession of educating the deaf. During the past five or six years he has been engaged in farming, but as accepted an appointment as Superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf at Olathe, Kan. Prof. Hammond began his career as an educator of the Deaf at the Illinois Institution at Jacksonville, and subsequently was superintendent of the Arkansas and the Iowa Institutions. He was at the head of the Chicago Day Schools for a few years, and lastly for a few months was superintendent of the Kansas Institution, the position to which he has just been recalled. Prof. Hammond is an educator of broad and progressive tendencies, and while it is proper to congratulate him upon his return to a vocation so congenial to himself, still the greater gain is to the Kansas School and to the deaf children of the State who are pupils therein.

THE strong arm of Justice has just come down upon a professional impostor, who has been defrauding the charitably inclined public of the Empire State. At Troy, N. Y., a man calling himself Henry Ashe, has been sentenced to two years at hard labor, for swindling, and pretending that he was deaf and dumb and could not understand English, and feigning insanity, pretending to have epileptic fits, etc. In the last named deception, he was quickly exposed by a bucket of cold water being dashed in his face. He will probably regain his speech and hearing now that deception has proved futile to save him from the consequences of his swindling. He could speak and hear well enough when he was in Syracuse, but was never caught off his guard during four months while in prison awaiting trial. The deaf are handicapped enough already without being saddled with the misdeeds of impostors, and we rejoice that this particular impostor has been put beyond the power of doing further harm.

OFFICIAL announcement of the date of the next convention of the National Association of the Deaf will be found in another column of this issue, along with the names of committee chairmen.

The Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, will "take up the deaf man's burden" at Northampton in June, and in July, at St. Paul, the deaf men will assume their own burdens, and show themselves capable of carrying them.

HAVE NOBLE WORK IN HAND

Leaders of Movement in Aid of Deaf and Dumb Hold Session.

DR. A. G. BELL ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENSUING YEAR—THE SUMMER MEETING TO BE HELD AT NORTHAMPTON.

Washington Post, March 11.

The annual meeting of the board of directors of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf was held at the residence of Mrs. Gardner G. Hubbard, 1328 Connecticut Avenue, yesterday. In attendance were several well-known students of the subject of educating the deaf and dumb, and an interesting session was concluded by the announcement that a summer meeting of the association would be held the latter part of June, at Northampton, Mass., which, it is expected, will be attended by many members of the organization from all parts of the country, and a large gathering of teachers engaged in the work of educating the deaf and dumb throughout the United States.

This association was incorporated in 1890, to aid the schools of the country engaged in educating the deaf to teach speech and speech reading by providing schools for the training of articulation teachers. The method favored by the association for the instruction of the deaf and dumb is the reading and understanding of speech from the movement of the lips.

The oral method is opposed to the sign method and compels the student to learn by persistent effort to articulate and understand the articulation of others. There are more than 10,000 deaf and dumb persons in the United States, and of this number 6,000 are taught by the two methods, the oral system being used for the instruction of about two-thirds of this number.

The President of the association is Dr. Philip G. Gillett, of Jacksonville, Ill., who was detained from yesterday's meeting because of sickness. Other members of the Board of Directors who attended were Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia; Mr. Edmund Lyon, Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. Z. F. Westervelt, Superintendent of the Western New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; Miss Carolina A. Yale, Principal of the Clark School for the Deaf and Dumb at Northampton, Mass.; Miss Sarah Fuller, Principal of the Horace Mann School for the Deaf and Dumb at Boston; Mrs. Gardner G. Hubbard, Washington; F. W. Booth, Principal of the Intermediate Department of the Pennsylvania Institution at Philadelphia, and Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, of this city.

The principal business brought before the directors was the election of officers for the ensuing year, and this resulted in the following selections being made: Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, President; Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, First Vice-President; Miss Caroline A. Yale, Second Vice-President; Dr. Z. F. Westervelt, Secretary, and Mr. F. W. Booth, Treasurer.

Following the election, the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, To the very great regret of the directors of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, and to the many members of the association at large, illness prevents our friend and associate, Dr. Gillett, from taking an active share in the preparation for the summer meeting of 1899; and,

WHEREAS, Dr. Bell has, by reason of the emergency of circumstances, consented to accept the position of President of the association for the current year; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Dr. Bell be requested to notify Dr. Gillett of the action of the board in this regard, and at the same time express to him our affectionate sympathy, coupled with the sincere hope that his ultimate recovery will enable him again to take an active part in the work of the association, to which he has given such valued and devoted services.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

The Executive Committee of the National Association of the Deaf has finally decided that the Sixth Convention of the Association shall be held at St. Paul, Minn., July 11th-14th, 1899.

The Rev. J. M. Koehler, President, 4625 Whittier Street, Germantown, Pa., is chairman of the special committee in charge of the business program. Mr. A. R. Spear, 653 Dayton Street, St. Paul, Minn., is chairman of the local committee of arrangements.

The Minnesota Association for the Advancement of the Deaf, through its President, Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, of Duluth, extends a cordial welcome to the State, and pledges assistance in making the Convention a success.

It is greatly hoped and desired that there be a large representative attendance from all parts of the United States.

JAS. H. CLOUD,
Chairman Executive Committee,
2010 Obea Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Man's First Steps Towards Civilization.

THE DUCKS CELEBRATE A VICTORY.

And a New Game is Introduced.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12, 1899.—Dr. Edward A. Fay entertained the students and others with a highly interesting lecture on "Man's First Steps towards Civilization" Friday evening, the 10th inst. The following is a full account of the lecture:

"I ask you to go back with me to the time when man first appeared upon the earth. How long ago was that? We cannot give the exact date, but we know it was a very long time ago. Tools and weapons made by man are found deep in the earth with the remains of extinct animals that lived during the glacial period. The glacial period was many thousands of years ago. Perhaps man's first appearance was still earlier; some flints have been found in deposits of the tertiary period in France, Portugal and India, which appear to have been made by man; possibly, however, they were not made by man, but are the result of natural causes. But that man lived during the glacial period is certain.

"Where on earth did man first appear? To that question, also, the answers must be, we do not know. Some learned men have thought it was in Asia, others in Africa, others in Europe, others in a country now lying under the Indian Ocean; still others have thought man sprang up in several different countries. Most ethnologists, however, now believe that all the different races of men are descended from a common ancestry, though it is impossible to say where our first parents lived.

"What did the primitive man look like? We cannot say, positively, for there were no amateur photographers in those days; but judging from the oldest skeletons that have been found, he was short of stature, broad of frame, with a low receding forehead, flat nose, large nostrils, strong jaws and retreating chin. His skin was probably copper-colored, and covered with hair.

"Compared with many other animals of that time, man was small and weak; but he had some great advantages over them, especially his erect posture leaving him free to use his arms in various ways, his prehensile hands, his vocal organs and his superior brain power.

"What was the condition of primitive man? Naked, homeless, without tools, without weapons, without fire, without domestic animals, without agriculture, without language, without knowledge. Could man survive under such conditions? Not in a climate where such blizzards were liable to occur as we had here a few weeks ago; but in a mild climate, with abundant vegetation, he might survive. He could eat the raw products of the earth, take shelter in caves, defend himself from wild beasts with sticks and stones.

"How did man rise from this low condition? What were the first steps?

1. The first step, no doubt, was making tools and weapons. Monkeys know enough to throw stones and sticks at their enemies; when man shaped the stone or stick to adapt it better to its purpose as a weapon or tool, he had taken the first step towards civilization. The successive stages of man's progress in civilization are marked by the improvement in the tools he made. So we have the successive periods designated by archaeologists thus:

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|
| I. Age of Stone | 1. Palaeolithic (Old Stone Age). |
| | 2. Neolithic (New Stone Age). |
| II. Age of Metals | 1. Copper. |
| | 2. Bronze. |
| | 3. Iron. |

"The implements of the glacial period belong to the Palaeolithic or Old Stone Age. They consist chiefly of rudely chipped flints, used as knives, arrow-heads and spear-heads. Probably the Palaeolithic Age lasted a very long time.

"In the Neolithic or New Stone Age there is a great variety of stone implements—celts, knives, hammers, picks, axes, saws, arrow-heads, spear-heads, awls, etc., more or less ground and polished. There are also spears and handles made of wood; pins, needles, fish-hooks, hammers and axes made of stag-horn; and cooking utensils and other dishes made of pottery. In some caves in Europe, where layers of stalagmite have been formed by lime-water dripping from the roof, both palaeolithic and neolithic implements have been found. The palaeolithic implements are in a lower layer of stalagmite than the neolithic implements.

"In the Age of Metals we find, first, implements made of copper by hammering it when cold, then implements made of melted copper and bronze, and finally implements made of iron. Implements made of metal enabled man to progress much more rapidly than he had during the Stone Age.

"The several stages of culture overlap and blend with one another in time.

"2. The second step in the progress of civilization was probably the use of fire. How the discovery of fire was first made we do not know. Many ancient peoples have legends of its bestowal upon man as a gift of the gods, or of its having been stolen from heaven by some hero like Prometheus. Probably it was discovered very early in the history of man; the sparks thrown out in hammering a stone and falling upon dry wood, or the rubbing of two dry sticks together, or a tree struck by lightning, may have been the occasion of its discovery. It was of great benefit to man, enabling him to cook his food, to shape his tools and weapons, and to keep warm in cold weather. Moreover, it promoted domestic life, or the place where he had a fire became his home.

"Connected with fire was the valuable invention of pottery. The relics of the glacial period contain no evidence of pottery; for a long time probably the only means of boiling water was to heat stones and put them in the water. The next step was to coat gourds, wooden bowls or baskets with clay to keep them from burning. Then finally the gourds, etc., were dispensed with as useless and vessels were moulded directly from clay. In the Neolithic Age pottery was universal, and many tribes have carried the art of pottery to a high state while still in a low state of barbarism in other respects.

"3. Domestication of animals. There is no evidence that man had domestic animals during the Palaeolithic Age. Bones of the mammoth, elephant, bear, and other animals are found with palaeolithic implements, but no bones of domestic animals. In the Neolithic Age we find the bones of domesticated animals. The dog seems to have been the first animal tamed by man; later he domesticated the pig, sheep, goat and ox; last of all, the horse. The domestication of animals introduced pastoral life.

"4. Agriculture. It has been said that man was first a hunter, then a shepherd, and then a farmer. Some time, however, agriculture of a rude kind probably preceded the domestication of animals. Man would be likely to observe at an early period the growth of plants from seed, and the idea of planting the seed and raising plants would naturally occur to him. Still agriculture would not be practiced much so long as man was roaming about with no settled home, nor on a large scale without the help of domestic animals.

"5. Language. Probably man conversed at first by making imitative sounds and by gestures. The sounds gradually became words and the words grew into language. The first writing was, 'picture-writing,' alphabetic writing is, comparatively speaking, a modern invention.

"6. Religion. The religion of primitive man was something so different from what we now regard as religion; that it seems hardly right to call it by the same name, but, like all religion, it was based upon man's awe and reverence before the mysteries of this life, and his hopes and fears for the future.

"The first few steps of the primitive man that I have described did not carry him far towards civilization, but they were the most important steps, and to make them took a vastly longer time than all his subsequent progress.

"The leading element in the idea of civilization is progress, and we are fortunate in belonging to a race whose watchword is progress.

"Most races of mankind hate the idea of progress; they prefer to do just what their fathers did, and detest the thought of change. So, after reaching a certain stage of development, they have stopped and remain stationary. We, on the contrary, while we look back upon the past with gratitude for what has been accomplished for us by our predecessors through countless ages, rejoice that our present condition is so much better than theirs, and look forward to still better things for those who are to come after us."

The members of the Introductory Class celebrated their victory at the bowling tournament last December by giving a social in Chapel Hall, on the evening of the 11th inst. The blackboard bore illustrations of the bowling alley as it appeared before, when and after the tournament was in progress, besides the legend, "Scored 1149." The bowling trophy occupied a conspicuous part of the platform. The feature of the evening was a game, "Penny for Thoughts," which consisted of a penny and a card bearing questions. Each person was to answer a question, the answer being suggested by inscriptions and outlines on the penny. Two prizes, one to the lady and the other to the gentleman obtaining the largest number

of correct answers, were awarded. Miss Martin and Prof. Hall were the winners, the former securing a rabbit's foot, which is expected to insure good luck to her as long as she wears it, and the latter a set of studs. While the judges were determining the lucky persons, refreshments, consisting of lemonade and fancy cakes, were served. A few other games and the Virginia Reel were indulged in, and at ten o'clock the gathering broke up. Taken all in all, it was a very successful affair.

Miss Rogers, '99, lectured to the Kendall School pupils last week, on the subject, "Beauty and the Beast." Mr. A. Payne, Normal, gave another one Friday, the 10th, on "General Gordon," the noted British commander who was killed by natives in the Sudan, and for whose murder Sir Herbert Kitchener recently retaliated by capturing Omdurman, the surrounding country, and reducing the natives to vassalage, a condition in which they were prior to Gordon's murder.

One of the questions on the cards at the social was, "What reminds you of matrimony." A certain Freshman perhaps never came across that word, "matrimony," so he asked his fair companion, a co-ed, what was the meaning of it. No doubt she was shocked.

This city was visited by another blizzard the first of last week and continued throughout the day Monday. At present all is spring-like, and as soon as the condition of the grounds and the weather permits, the track team, under Davis, '99, will go to practice.

A base-ball game with the Naval Cadets has been secured for April 22d. Cornell University made it known that her team would probably play us on the 6th prox. Would that Yale and Harvard should follow and thereby lift Gallaudet into prominence.

Miss Kate H. Fish was entertaining her cousin from Mystic, Conn., last week.

Miss Goldstein, '02, likewise had a pleasant visit from her brother.

W. F. S.

THE CHICAGO CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Perhaps the reader has heard of them asking what the Wagnerian performance in a theatre was, and upon receiving the answer "Gottterdammerung," indignantly turned upon his heel with the remark, "I thought you would answer a civil question." The "Dusk of the Gods," as this last drama of the poem is called, reaches a climax of unsurpassed, dramatic, and daring grandeur equal to Homer's Iliad. For the sake of contrast the last few books of the latter are given in as few words as possible. Book I:—

- XVI. Ael 'Ues' bosom-friend, Patroclus, slain by Hector.
XVII. Contest over his body by Menelaus and Ajax.
XIX. Grief of Achilles. Vulcan makes him a new armor.
XX. Achilles rampant in his new armor.
XXI. His sword fairly drips with the blood of Trojans.
XXII. Foot-race around Troy by Hector and Achilles. Death of Hector. Body of the latter dragged to a chariot around the walls of Troy every morning. Grief of Troy.
XXIII. Funeral of Patroclus. Twelve Trojan youths slain. Funeral games.
XXIV. Priam goes for the body of Hector. Aided by Hermes. Lamentation in Troy by Hecuba, Helen and Andromache. The burial of Troy captured. In flames. End of ten years' siege and of the "tale of Troy divine."

THE NIEBELUNGEN RING. DRAMA IV.—THE GOTTERDAMMERUNG.

Siegfried leaves Brunnhilde on the fire-surrounded rock to go forth in quest of Knightly adventures, doubtless conscious that by so doing he will appear more of a hero in her eyes. The Hero comes to the Castle of Hagen on the Rhine. Hagen is son of Alberich by mortal woman. His coming is announced by a horn-blast, but Hagen desires to possess the ring held by Siegfried. The latter is drugged and in this condition leads Gunther, brother of Hagen, to the fire-surrounded rock. Brunnhilde hears the horn-blast peculiar to the hero's coming and going. A mail clad form crosses the fire. Siegfried herself into the arms not of Siegfried but of Gunther! Siegfried appears with Gutrune, sister of Gunther. He denies any relationship whatever with Brunnhilde, much to the bewildering horror of the latter. Again another drink is given to Siegfried. His memory gradually comes back to him. In the presence of Hagen, Gunther and Gutrune, he relates the past events of his life. As he comes to that point, where he meets Brunnhilde, Hagen stabs him in the back. Consciousness returns to him with his dying breath and he recognizes Brunnhilde, as all make way for her.

The moon lights up the waters of the Rhine as they build a funeral pyre in the middle of the stage. The Hero, clad in mail, is laid in it. Once more Brunnhilde is left with her sacred deed. In her great grief she finds consolation that he had been drugged when he dis-

owned her, and that he was as true as steel after all. She takes the ring, the cause of all the misery, from the dead hero's finger and flings it into the Rhine. The war maiden calls for her black horse. She throws a torch into the pyre. It flames up. Yonder is Walhalla in flames. The House of Hagen falls. The walkure mounts her horse and leaps into the flames and the waters of the Rhine rise and submerge pyre and House of Hagen—pillars, doors, lintel and all.

JUNIOUS JUNIOR.

BROOKLYN PENCILINGS.

Miss Edith Gray went home near Binghamton, N. Y., on Saturday, the 11th inst. She had been stopping with Miss Gibbs as her guest in this city for the past three weeks. She enjoyed her stay.

St. Mark's Easter offering fund is fairly on the increase. The deaf mutes, goaded by your writer in a recent issue, seem aroused and dimes are flowing into the collector's pockets.

Misses Gray and Gibbs had a fine time and luncheon, at the house of Miss Eliza Anderson, last week.

An unknown man assaulted Mr. Joseph Rollins, of 347 West 54th Street in New York, in the early morning of Thursday. A blow on his left ear ruptured the drum and left him deaf.

Holy Communion was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Thos. Gallaudet in St. Mark's Church on Sunday afternoon, the 5th inst.

The introduction of a linotype machine has been made in the Flushing Journal recently. Consequently Mr. McConnell, who has been employed for a long time, is being thrown out of work.

Mr. Leary, of Tarrytown, N. Y., was in town on Sunday, the 12th inst., and had a short call on Mr. John Baird.

It is said that Mr. John Baird, an old graduate of Fanwood, is being employed as a copyist in Register's office.

It is believed that the Empire State Association will hold its postponed convention in Buffalo this year. Would it be a good idea for the Association to change its holding of convention to another city. We are to have a Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901, and then the Empire State Association can meet in that year. Railroad and hotels rates would be cheap at that time.

The Brooklyn Guild, at a recent meeting, agreed to have an excursion during the coming summer.

The Guild appointed Mr. Wm. G. Gilbert, as its representative to confer with the Guild of Silent Workers of New York City. The Brooklyn man was at the meeting of the New York Guild on February 23d. Only four members were present and a lack of quorum blocked the business. Certainly, the members of the New York Guild showed their earnest interest by keeping themselves at home. The Guild consists of many leading and well-known deaf-mutes. There have been no excursions for the past two years. No doubt the deaf-mutes are longing for an excursion. What are the members of the New York Guild going to do about it?

A few words to the deaf in New York City. They have a church of their own and had better stop growling and endeavor to help along St. Ann's Church as best they can, with their presence and contributions.

It is a gratifying news to record that a certain deaf-mute holds a lucrative position in a so-called hotel. What is it—bartender or cashier?

The members of the League Elect Surds are enjoying themselves in cosy quarters. The Union League meets and gossips in a room somewhere. The Manhattan Literary Association sleeps 364 days and awakes a day to celebrate the anniversary birthday of Thos. H. Gallaudet. The Guild of Silent Workers holds its monthly meeting by staying at home. Young graduates have no place to meet each other and gossip and enjoy occasional lectures or debates. There are many young deaf-mutes, who are drifting into questionable places, or the "Poor Men's Club." Will the Board of St. Ann's Church open a weekly meeting with dates chosen? Certainly such undertaking would be laborious and discouraging in the beginning, but if persisted with good sense and perseverance, would be crowned with success.

FRANK.

A boy baby made its appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Connerton, of Troy, N. Y., on Monday, March 13th.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of Dow Chisholm, formerly of Nova Scotia, will confer a favor by sending information to the DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL.

The silver service to be presented by the citizens of Oregon to Admiral Dewey's flagship, *Olympia*, is to be made after designs by Douglas Tilden, of San Francisco. It will consist of twenty-seven pieces symbolic of the battle of Manila. Tilden's reputation as an artist and designer continues to grow.—Kyp. Standard.

The European Tour for the Deaf.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—The European tour for the deaf has been enthusiastically hailed everywhere. The project has been heartily endorsed by all the superintendents of the schools for the deaf from whom we have heard. They have promised to do all they can to contribute to its success. The booklet to be issued as soon as the time is ripe, will tell your readers everything of the proposed trip. Any deaf-mute of good character is welcomed to join our party, though we expect to have more tourists than we can take. The recent financial crisis we have passed through, makes us wish ourselves securely anchored financially before taking upon ourselves so great a responsibility.

Yours truly,

CHAS. KERNEY,
ADAM'S COTTAGE,
PALM BEACH, FLA.
March 11, '99.

A Parable.

One night a young man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long winding stair.

"Where are you going?" said the taper.

"Away high up," said the man; higher than the top of the house, where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," said the man. "For we stand here at the entrance to the harbor, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking for our light even now."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me."

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, for this was a lighthouse they were in, he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there, with polished reflectors behind them.

You who think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with it? Shine—and leave the rest to Him.—The Wellspring.

ORIGIN OF THE LOVING CUP.

A current explanation has it that the loving cup is a historical emblem. In the middle ages at the close of an entertainment the parting guest was presented with spiced drink in a large bowl, just as he was mounting his horse. It was called the "stirrup cup." Sometimes when the friendship between host and guest was a pretense and not a reality the drink was poisoned, or perhaps, while drinking the guest was murdered. These were frequent occurrences among Italian nobles, and to put a stop to them the clergy introduced the loving cup, which had three handles. Two of these were grasped by the host, who drank first to show that the liquor was not poisoned. The guest then took the cup by the third. The host released one handle, the right hand still holding one, so that he might help raise the cup and incidentally so that his right hand might be too busy to draw a sword or dagger. When the guest had drunk, the host released the cup, which was passed to the next one. The monks in early times named this the "pocula caritatis," or cup of love. It was filled with wine with a piece of toast floating therein, and circulated from right to left around the table. Hence the phrase "drinking a toast."—Atlanta Constitution.

A WOMAN'S COAT.

IT COSTS OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS AND IS OWNED IN LONDON, ENG.

The most expensive coat in the world, worth \$1,000,000, is owned by Lady Brassey, of London. She recently lent it to a charity bazaar to place on exhibition, after insuring it for \$500,000.

Outside of the fact of the fabulous price attached to it, this remarkable coat is a work of art. The foundation is of the hemp grown in the Sandwich Islands, and to it are sewn with fine threads the softest feathers of birds found only in the Hawaiian Islands. The feathers are arranged as smoothly and thickly as they grew on the breasts of the birds.

Around the mantle runs a border of crescent-shaped figures made of crimson and gold feathers. The yellow plumage is of priceless value, as it is plucked from one of the rarest birds of the island. Black feathers from the back of the same bird enter largely into the composition of this wonderful cloak, which was twenty years in making.

The great skill with which the feathers are attached to the hemp foundation, and the vast amount of labor required to complete it, make it the marvelous piece of feather work in the world. The market value of the feathers determines the price of the cloak, and in that way it has been adjudged worth \$1,000,000.

NEW YORK.

Prospects for Summer Entertainments.

WHAT THE CLUBS AND SOCIETIES ARE DOING.

Plenty of News Items for New York Readers.

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 90th Street, New York City.

Now that Spring is about at hand and the balmy weather to which we have been accustomed in seasons past is upon us, there is a natural meditation upon what the Summer season will bring us in the way of outdoor entertainment. However, so far there seems to be none scheduled at present, but it may be depended on that the Guilds of Manhattan and Brooklyn Boroughs will combine on a grand excursion some time during July. As yet only the preliminary steps appear to have been undertaken, unless a great deal more has been done in secret. Rumor has it that they have already secured a steamboat, and that a souvenir journal containing advertisements is to be gotten up to help swell the financial part.

The League of Elect Surds will undoubtedly have an excursion or picnic, and the Deaf-Mute's Union League will still be found in the field if past performances go for anything, while late in summer something in the way of a picnic may be expected from the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society. On the part of other organizations there is no sign of any proposed outing, unless it be of a private nature.

A "Pink Tea" is to be held in St. Ann's Church this Thursday evening, under the management of Mrs. E. V. Brown and Mrs. W. Buhle, the object being to raise funds for the church as an Easter offering and to decorate the altar of the church.

On April 8th, an "Easter Festival" will take place in the Guild rooms, under the auspices of the Guild of Silent Workers. Admission will be only twenty-five cents, and this for sweet charity.

The entertainments that have so far been held in the new church have been well attended, which is one point in favor of having our own church, exclusively for our own use.

The Elect Surds' dramatic entertainment that is to occur some time next month, will be a rich treat for the entertainment loving public. The "Tangled Carps" is no love-sick play, nor a thrilling drama—it is a portrayal of nature, or rather of a cosmopolitan incident that never was but might be. Stage-manager Fox is exerting his energies to putting the actors to swift acting, eliminating all dull lulls, and introducing new and original hits that the deaf and even the hearing must appreciate, and if it is not a laugh from beginning to end admission money may be refunded. In a week or so the date and place will be announced, and while it will be best to get reserved seats beforehand, there need not be any fear however of "standing room only" signs, as the hall will hold them all.

There is considerable talk occasioned by the advertisement of a printing office for sale by the "Bothner Estate," run by one of the deaf. This printing office was not really for sale, and is still running and no reasonable price would be accepted for it. The object was accomplished, and that is all the owner cares to tell.

The stork is still on his rounds of visitation, and on Washington's Birthday, February 22d, took occasion to alight over in Brooklyn, much to the surprise—genuine surprise—of Mr. and Mrs. James O'Hearn, of Twenty-third Street. The little boy baby left behind by the good bird will be named George Washington O'Hearn.

Two questions that were persistently asked at the Fifth Avenue Hotel Sunday were: "Who the deuce is the Crane or Mr. Crane of somewhere out West?" and "What the deuce is Junius, Junior?" driving at?"

R. M. Patterson, of Brooklyn, has found work quite dull in his line, and has taken up the more dainty vocation of selling alphabet cards.

Chas. L. Schindler has doubled his business premises in Brooklyn by occupation of four rooms vacated by a former tenant. His facilities have been severely taxed, even during Lent, and Charley looks very prosperous. It did not take him so long to build up such an important business—and at this, he started practically without a dollar.

Mrs. Margaret E. Gallaudet, wife of Mr. Peter W. Gallaudet, a banker and broker, and brother of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet and Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, died quite suddenly Saturday, March 11th, at the age of 69 years. Interment was at Hartford, Conn., Tuesday morning.

Adolph Ekardt desires his friends to address their letters to him at 201 East 10th Street, Care of Arnold; and not to the Bible House, where he works.

John F. O'Brien, who in the *Register*, dilates on excessive rents in this city, would earn the thanks of thousands if he could bring landlords down to a tender, sympathetic feeling for the deaf—if not for all. If J. F. O'Brien would move up to Rome and commute between there and this city daily, he would save about \$12 in rent—for up there you can get five good airy rooms with running water for \$5.50 per month. Fare, by the month, would be about \$160. Good idea, aint it? If the Empire State express was run to suit him and would stop at Rome, he would have nine hours for work in this city and two hours for sleep, rest, etc., at home. Brilliant scheme?

William Eltrich was too fly for a large fly wheel that nearly hurled him into eternal bliss a couple of weeks ago, in a public school where he works. His only injury was to a druggist's profit in arnica.

The New York Deaf-Mutes' Club give a Whist Party Saturday, the 18th, at Uptown Assembly Rooms, on Third Avenue near 55th Street. Invitations have been sent out. Prizes will be awarded to successful contestants, and gentlemen invited are not admitted unless accompanied by ladies, and Messrs. Martin Glynn, A. Baxter and H. Beck are in charge of the affair.

R. McVea is trying to organize a semi-professional baseball team, to be composed wholly of deaf-mutes.

The "Mission" to Catholic deaf-mutes being conducted by Rev. J. B. Becker, S. J., and Rev. J. H. Rockwell, S. J., has been gratifying in more respects than one. Both the attendance and enthusiasm are quoted at par.

Tom Brown is again polishing the pavements in his search for advertisements for a "Souvenir" Journal. The contract selling him the privilege is very queer yet interesting, in that it prohibits him from giving the printing to a certain deaf printer, the latter of whom is a contributor to the Church Society that lets out the privilege.

Personal animosity and extreme narrow-mindedness, bordering on lunacy, is at the bottom of it. The printer, however, still patronizes a 15-cent barber, and is considering buying a new "Century" press—in the distant future.

Daniel Brown, of Brooklyn, is seriously sick in the Flatbush Hospital. His ailment appears to be a paralytic stroke to his right side, but as he has improved considerably, there is hope he will pull through, owing to his youth and robust health. His wife and children are rendered to distressing circumstances thereby, and the Brooklyn Guild (through Mr. Gilbert) graciously gives her fifty (50) cents a week. Mr. Gilbert is very kind!

Moriz Schoenfeld and "famille," five altogether, sat before Pach Bros.' camera Saturday for a dozen groups.

J. N. Soper was an early spring bird out on his wheel Sunday.

Next Saturday a birthday party is to be tendered to Mr. Emil Schieffler, of Montclair, N. J.

Whenever the regular correspondent of the *JOURNAL* omits his weekly scrawl for once, a rumor spreads that he has severed his connection. "Chase it." Due announcement will be made at the proper time.

A stag party was held in the room of the Union League, to which only members were admitted, last Saturday evening, and a generally good time was had. Various games were indulged in, while the cracks were trying their skill at the pool-table. —Chicago pool was chiefly used, and some funny story telling held sway part of the evening. Long clay pipes were distributed, and refreshments were served gratis.

The Union League is now thirty-one strong, and the latest addition was Samuel Lowenherz, who will be a credit to the club. He served as president of that "rebel" association, the Lexington Athletic Club. He had buried his hatchet long ago and gave a pipe of peace to the representatives of the veteran association, and the result is that he is now a full-fledged and enthusiastic Union Leaguer.

There is every indication that the Union League will pass into younger hands before the year is out, for which the old-timers do not regret, as they need a respite from active duties and they think the young should be given a chance to hold the reins of government.

This club is still on the fence in regard to their annual excursion this summer. The heavy expenses and the uncertainty of the weather must be met, something which very few clubs would undertake with absolute confidence in ultimate success. This club has already managed nine annual excursions, the average expenses of each affair were \$450.

The Union League will have a pool tournament on March 23d, open only to members, and two prizes are offered to the winners.

Edgar Bloom has just returned from a business trip to Boston. Richard Burke was a visitor at

the Union League some time ago. He is a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School and has since not associated with his deaf friends, as he has recovered his hearing and can talk fluently.

The "funny man" of the Union League is Edward Eck, whose antics are a source of amusement to his fellow members, almost nightly. He has a sister, who is an actress of some ability. His bosom friend, Frank Forsyth, also has a sister in the theatrical business, who is lying sick in Cuba.

Mr. Theodore S. Rose sends me the following item appertaining to himself:—

"Theo. S. Rose is still very busy man for his folks and friends and received some orders for the upholstery goods, etc., from them and make me rich every season except summer from times to times."

And yet we so often hear of the graduate of an oral school using better grammar than a pupil from the combined method school who has been under instruction for the same length of time!!

A surprise party was given to Mrs. Eva Brown, on Saturday, March 11th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Redmond, West 125th Street. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson, Messrs. Soper, Hoffman, Mrs. Buhle, and others.

Miss Esther Piser, a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School, died after a short illness on Friday, March 9th, at the residence of her parents, 238 East 128th Street, and was buried on Sunday, the 11th inst. A number of her former schoolmates were in attendance at the funeral. She was only 23 years old, and her early demise is deeply regretted by her numerous friends.

Among the additions to the number contemplating visiting the Paris Exposition in 1900, are Theo. S. Rose, of this city, and J. M. Black, of Rahway, N. J.

Miss Blum's Birthday party.

On Tuesday evening, the 7th of March, friends and relatives of Miss Elsie Blum gathered at her home on 61st Street, near Madison Avenue, for the purpose of celebrating her birthday; it was not a propitious day by any means, as a snow and sleet storm was raging all day, which kept many, who were invited, from coming. Nevertheless, there were enough friends present to give the dignity of a reception to the affair, and to those who braved the elements, it proved to be a most enjoyable event. Miss Blum, charmingly attired, graciously received the guests in the parlor, assisted by her sisters, and they were made to feel at home at once, and the affair was soon under way, merrily, *tele-tele* claiming their time until supper was announced. Miss Blum sat at the head of the table, and surveyed over all she could see like a queen, the table was becomingly bedecked with beautiful flowers, sent her by friends. Altogether, it was a very fine and sumptuous repast, her sisters were most assiduous and untiring in their attentions upon the happy participants. The deaf and hearing people were evenly divided, and here wit and wisdom flowed, as at any affair in which well-educated people take part.

Miss Elsie Blum was the recipient of many pretty presents, a silent testimony to her growing popularity; she not having yet left school but made her way into society quickly by her sweet disposition and winning ways. She was first heard of when she carried off the honors of being acknowledged as the belle of the last two balls of the Deaf-Mute's Union League. She is an accomplished young lady, who can paint beautifully, and makes a hobby of amateur photography.

Midnight saw the close of this most enjoyable event, and many were the expressions of good will towards the hospitality of her family, and among those present were her sisters, Misses Rebecca, Flora, Clara and Alice Blum, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. I. Rosenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rosenbaum, Misses Ruby Abrahams, Bella Carpenter, Mrs. J. Katz, Messrs. A. Rosenbaum, A. C. Bachrach, Trisdorfer and G. G.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

MARCH.

19-10.30 A.M. Pittsburgh. St. Margaret's Mission. Holy Communion and Confirmation by Bishop Whitehead.

19-3 P.M. Pittsburgh. St. Margaret's Mission. Service and Sermon.

24-7.30 P.M. Cleveland. Confirmation.

25-7.30 P.M. Indianapolis. St. Alban's Mission. Lecture on Confirmation.

26-9 A.M. Indianapolis. Service.

26-10.30 A.M. Indianapolis. Holy Communion.

26-4 P.M. Indianapolis. Evening Service and Baptism.

26-7.30 P.M. Confirmation.

27-2.30 P.M. Terre Haute. Service in the Parish House of St. Stephen's Church.

APRIL.

1-Evening. Detroit.

2-10.30 A.M. Detroit. Easter Celebration.

2-3.00 P.M. Detroit. Service and Sermon.

2-Evening. Detroit.

8-Evening. Columbus. Social.

9-9.00 A.M. Columbus. Service.

9-10.45 A.M. Columbus. Holy Communion.

PHILADELPHIA.

Better Change the Place for Next Convention.

JOHN H. SANDS BURIED.

Getting Ready for the April Entertainment.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The year 1899 will doubtless go down as one of the most memorable in the history of Philadelphia. The readers who reside here and others who are in constant touch with the interests of this big city, know what we mean; but for the information of every reader of the *JOURNAL*, we will state more clearly what is meant by the prediction.

Next Fall there will be opened here "an Exposition for the development of American Manufactures and the expansion of the export trade of the United States."

In other words, a great national industrial fair will draw the attention of the country here. It is said that it will be the first national exposition of that character ever held in America. (Ah! and yet our city, which has a long list of "first things," is laughed at for being slow.)

The exposition is promised municipal, state, and national aid, so that its success may be said to be already assured. Work on the buildings has been actually begun. The big fair is to open on September 14th, and will continue open till November 30th.

In connection with this matter, it is our purpose to call the attention of the Pennsylvania deaf to the advisability of holding their next convention during the continuance of the exposition and in this city, instead of York, Pa.

Indeed, there seems to be good reason for making the change of place for the next meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf.

The exposition comes but once or something like it happens only once in a long time, while the City of York is on permanent foundations and the Society can meet there at any future time. It thus will be a rare opportunity for our deaf and for the Society. Why not have the change?

"J. S. R." has relatives in York and would not have the change but for such a weighty reason. Surely those other deaf who voted for York will join us in wishing to give all an opportunity to see the exposition. It is not the meeting of the Society here that we desire most, but rather that the deaf of the State shall see the exposition. It will interest them. Most of them belong to the industrial class, and that class will be most forcibly represented by the exhibits. The Society, which has the advancement of the deaf at heart, should be all the more interested in the matter then. Will it be better benefited by meeting in York? We doubt it.

True, the exposition will open rather late for the Society, but it has before met in September. Why can't it do so again, and even a little later if the conditions warrant it. It is quite likely that many deaf will want to attend the exposition, but we are not so sure that they will take in York, too then.

Another thing is the date of the York meeting is indicated yet. It should be an easy matter then to time the meeting for the Exposition. With the reason for the change of place explained and the benefits pointed out, there ought to be little objection, if any, to our suggestion.

We further suggest that all the deaf of the State, who favor the meeting of the Society in Philadelphia during the Exposition, should write to the President of the Society, Rev. J. M. Koehler, stating so. We opine that if strong influence is brought to bear upon him in this matter, he will see his duty clear and act accordingly.

John H. Sands' funeral took place from his late residence, 2506 Christian St., last Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. J. M. Koehler officiated, reading the service orally while Mr. Smielau interpreted it in signs. Over twenty-five deaf-mutes were in attendance. Messrs. John M. Robb, his brother Herbert, Wm. H. Lipsett, and Wm. H. Johnson were the pall-bearers. The interment, as before stated, was at Mt. Moriah Cemetery. By special invitation Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett and children, Miss Emily R. Hamilton, Mrs. Zang and J. Ferral, accompanied the remains to their last resting place.

Mr. R. E. Underwood has at last succeeded in kicking the blankets off, but he is far from well yet. His convalescence is markedly slow.

Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett has been requested to take Mr. Underwood's place in managing the coming entertainment for the benefit of All Souls' Mission, on April 6th, on account of the latter's disability.

CHICAGO.

A New Society Organized.

CLUB BOYS AT THE THEATRE.

News Items.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

It will be remembered that Rector W. C. Richardson, of the Trinity Episcopal Church, made a generous offer to the members of the church the use of rooms in the rear of the church for a society. The members concluded to bide their time before organizing and last evening they met in the electric lighted parlor of the church, in response to cards from Rev. Mr. Mann. The number of members was large, giving evidence of being interested in the attempt to organize a new society. President Gibson, of the Pas-a-Pas Club, accompanied by his charming wife and child, was present with several members, among whom we noticed Messrs. Regensburg, Hart, Ritchie, Kaufmann, Wayman, G. Hyman, Gilpin and Frank. At nine o'clock the meeting was called to order by Rev. Mr. Mann. The motion that the election of officers was moved, seconded, debated and carried by a vote of twelve ayes, none objecting. The names of the officers of the newly organized Episcopal Church Society are therefore: *Ex-officio* President, Rev. A. W. Mann; President J. I. Sansom; Vice-President, Mrs. J. K. Watson; Secretary, Mrs. Ed. Clason; Treasurer, Edwin Kingdon.

So the members find themselves in possession of two stories of rooms, a gymnasium and reading room at the top, dining rooms and parlors on the second floor, lighted by electricity, carpeted and elegantly furnished throughout. To use a favorite expression of the temporary resident of West Palm Beach, Florida, "It reads like an Arabian Nights' Tale." In accepting the office of president, the new incumbent spoke of being conscious of stepping upon the threshold of an office of honor, responsibility and unbounded possibilities, which could not be enumerated but would develop with time. There was the gymnasium for the development of the body—*mens sana in corpore sano*. There were the long parlors, with piano, pictures and easy-lounging chairs. The piano, what has it to do with the deaf? *Well, their hearing children can use it, and their parents can enjoy the consciousness that their children are enjoying one sense they are deprived of themselves, for many of their half and full-grown children are musicians. And the very walls themselves—they ought to bring out the finest lectures and the best discourses on Literature and Art. Still, cognizance must not be lost of the vulgar inner man, and with all the paraphernalia—the cooking stove and dining rooms, the visitors for the evening should not be sent out into the chilly night—shivering, but:*

"Here let us feast, and to the feast be joined!
Discourse, the sweet banquet of the mind;
Review the series of our lives, and taste
The melancholy joy of evils passed:
For he who much has suffered, much will know
And please's remembrance builds delight
on Woe."

"The *Odyssey*—Pope—Book XV.

The theatres are being patronized in a quiet way by the silent people here, giving evidence that prosperity is here with vengeance. When Mansfield gave his celebrated Cyran de Bergerac, he of the long nose fame, a number of them took in the play, though seats ranged at \$2.00. The mention in the *JOURNAL* of "Going the Races" drew the following parties to the play: Mr. and Miss Wayman, Messrs. Hart, G. Hyman, Kauffman, Barrow and Regensburg. A box party made up of Messrs. Hart, Frank, Himrod, G. Hyman, and Regensburg, also enjoyed "Sporting Life."

Dewitt C. Himrod went back to Erie, via Cleveland, feeling much satisfied over his stay here, and says Chicago hospitality can not be beaten. He will have something to tell his better half, *nee* Ollie Youmans, of the theatre box party and of meeting old college boys here. Dewitt ought to move his household goods and babies to Chicago. Think of the vast area of park lands they could roam over in summer and of the "zoo" at Lincoln Park, and three swell clubs here!

The pleasant weather of last week is explained by the fact that the Weather man, Cox, received an increase in his salary by five hundred dollars from Washington. As the weather has changed to rain and snow, they ought to reduce his salary, it seems. When it is awful bad as to-day, well, Cox rhymes with ox, but it will not prevent me from going down town after news.

The *Church Standard*, published

in Philadelphia, of February 18th, has a lengthy account of Church work in Philadelphia, with cuts of Revs. Sytle and Koehler and of All Souls' Church. It is interesting reading.

At the afternoon service in Trinity Church Parish, Rev. A. W. Mann preached about the three Jews, Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego being cast into a fiery furnace by orders of Nebuchadnezzar and yet surviving the fiery ordeal, while the very men who threw them in perished from the extreme heat. The lesson learned from this is to have moral courage, to dare and do where principle is involved. It is a good thing to have backbone. From the sermon he changed to a plain business talk that went straight to the hearts of his listeners. He has given years of study and work, of travel and observation, to the elevation of the deaf and it is his habit of trying to transplant a good seed from one place to another. He would advocate a religious paper among the deaf, similar to that of an Episcopal paper in England, with its 3500 subscribers, and in lieu of such paper they should subscribe to some other, as the *Churchman* or *Church Standard*. The clear, perspicuous and unprejudiced style of the editorials of such papers cannot but improve one's mind and judgment of men and things. The people of Chicago are to be congratulated upon organizing a church society, as there are but two similar organizations, one in Pittsburgh and the other in Detroit. Some good surely ought to come of being affiliated with large and influential congregations. Reference was made to the work and generous aid of Mr. Barry, of Baltimore, the father of Miss Barry, and of his (Mr. Mann's) recent trip to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Rome, where the Episcopal work started fifty years ago. He met the two Gallaudets. The President he found in good health, but Dr. Thomas Gallaudet was laid up with acute rheumatism.

Mr. Mann returns for the social, April 15th, and to assist at the confirmation rites the next day.

Rev. H. Van Allen's Appointments.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19.
10.30 A.M.—Christ Church, Hooker.
3.00 P.M.—Inmanuel Church Little Falls.
Address.
Service for the deaf.

A Kaleidoscopic Amusement Place.

Of all the amusement places in New York City, the one that presents the greatest number of attractions is the Eden Musee. They exist there in such multiplicity of detail that it would take hours to enumerate them all. Among the hundreds and thousands of wax groups there are illustrations of curious traits and curious people, as well as reproductions of important historical scenes and incidents, and historical persons. In the Chamber of Horrors there are groups showing the methods of punishment and torture practiced in the different countries. Some of these groups are startling in character and arouse a "creepy" sensation, but the effect is made less startling by the ingenious arrangement of humorous groups which serve to offset the penalty of crimes. In other chambers and corridors of the Musee there are little bits of pathos and sentiment that are as instructive as they are interesting. But the wax works at the Musee are continually undergoing a change. Every day something is added, or some group or series of groups are rearranged or improved in some manner, so that the interior of the Musee is continually undergoing a change. Several artists have that matter in charge, and their whole duty is to suggest and carry out trifling improvements. If the wax works were the only attractions at the Musee they would well be worth a visit of inspection. But there are other and greater attractions. Each afternoon and evening there is given a complete concert by the Gypsy Orchestra which is of surpassing interest. The irresistible charm of the Gypsy music is nowhere shown to better advantage than at the Musee, where the twelve musicians are native born Gypsies, engaged abroad last year, brought over here after many legal complications. In addition the greatest charm of the Musee is its wonderful cinematographic or moving pictures. The Musee was a pioneer in this direction, and nowhere else in the world is as much attention paid to this art as at the Musee. The Musee owns its own picture machines, employs its own artists, and takes and develops its own pictures. Many of the pictures shown at other places are rejected pictures of the Musee. Each hour during the day and evening an exhibition of these pictures is given, and each exhibition is different.

Forty per cent. of the heat of an ordinary fire goes up the chimney.

Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

FANWOOD.

Fighting Again the Battles of the Spanish War.

AN HISTORIC APPLE TREE GONE.

Brief Items of News.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Boom, boom!! bang! crash! Gentle reader forget all about Fanwood. This is the American fleet assembled off Santiago Harbor, hurrying forward the settlement of affairs with Spain. Of course you all remember the year 1898, between the months of April and August. The Fanwood Literary Association has been holding weekly meetings, and fighting over again the battles which have since become matters of history.

Behold our inimitable Prof. William G. Jones. For the time being he is the government of both America and Spain. He is the whole fleet of vessels American and Spanish. Everybody from the Admiral to the cook, Sampson, Schley, Dewey, Evans, Hobson of osculatory fame, the men behind the guns, Admiral Cervera and the rest of the poor wretches who manned Spain's ill-fated fleet, are represented by him. He has been killed, say about five hundred times, blown to pieces, wounded and sunk just as many times, but still bobs up serenely in some other person's boots.

The members of the Fanwood Literary Association are interested spectators worshipping the heroes of the war from afar, criticizing the way the war is conducted, and offering numerous suggestions as they consider is their privilege. As the JOURNAL's war correspondent at the scene of action, I can hardly do justice to the events. They followed each other in rapid succession. The occurrences of the five months were gone through in less than two hours. Prof. Jones' subject was the Battle of Santiago Harbor, San Juan and El Caney. He shifted from naval battles to skirmishing on land. The guns kept banging all the time, and if it were not for the smokeless powder Prof. Jones used, we would all have been suffocated. The heavy boom of the big guns of the men-of-war changed to the sputtering and crackling of the Mausers and Krag Jorgensens, with the "bullets kicking dust spots" in front of the trenches. Battle after battle was gone through. The Americans were victorious. On July 17th, the Spaniards evacuated Santiago. At 12 o'clock, noon, the red and yellow flag of Castile and Leon, which for 382 years had waved from the governor's palace, came slowly fluttering down. With it went the hopes of Spain. The stars and stripes were flung forth to the tropical breezes of Cuba, the emblem of the new people of the west.

Prof. Jones closed with singing the first verse of "Hail Columbia." When he finished, a perfect storm of cheers made the building totter, and as hearty a vote of thanks as ever was tendered Prof. Jones for his lecture.

The old apple tree which for over half a century has stood close to the school building, has been cut down. It was with a feeling of regret we saw it go. It had grown familiar to us all. In the spring when it was covered with fragrant pink blossoms, many found their way to the laps of the boys' coats, or to vases in the class rooms. In the summer when Old Sol's warmth was too much for human endurance, the girls would take their sewing outdoors beneath its branches. The old pump will also miss its friends. The boys usually preferred to quench their thirst from that pump, because the overhanging branches screened it, and the water was colder than at their own hydrants. When the days grew shorter and the nights longer, and the leaves were beginning to take on their autumn hues, we cast many a longing eye at the luscious fruit, so invitingly within reach, but the housekeeper gathered it all in, to make that American edible—pie. Also your scribe remembers eating the unripe fruit of that tree, till his stomach felt as if it held a nutmeg grater. That was years ago. He bears no malice to the tree, but ventured to stand among the flying chips and declaim "Woodman Spare That Tree." The unfeeling woodman would not listen, but went on chopping. Another familiar landmark is gone. Perhaps some cold winter evening we may recognize our late friend, blazing merrily in the grate. Its career of usefulness is not yet over. The Fancher tree was removed to the site of the old lamp post near the entrance on the girls' side.

Mr. Kempton, in charge of the

greenhouses, has resigned. His place has been filled by Mr. Petit, formerly assistant. Mr. Hugh Birch is the new assistant.

The Proteus Boat Club held its first meeting last week. The boat will soon be put in readiness for its usual trips to places of interest along the Hudson. Several applications for membership have been received, but they have been referred to the Commodore, Principal Currier.

Cadets A. C. Reiff and Frank Fluhr were at the Brooklyn Navy Yard Saturday afternoon. Fluhr's uncle is a gunner on board the U. S. S. Massachusetts and served through the late war. The boys were shown all through the Massachusetts, and had lunch on board. They came away with a much better idea of a modern battleship than they had hitherto entertained. Mrs. Tohin and Miss Martha Jaycox were visitors at the JOURNAL office on Tuesday of this week.

J. H. K.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted by the Ladies Committee of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at their meeting March 6th, 1899.

It is with much sorrow that the Ladies Committee records the death of Mrs. John T. Terry.

She was one of its most useful members for twenty years, having entered it in 1879.

Failing health has rendered her unable for the last few years to meet frequently with the Committee, or to visit the Institution as formerly, but the remembrance of her kindly and genial presence is one much treasured by the older members. It was a privilege to visit the Institution with her, and witness the sunshine of her cheerful interest upon all the inmates. It was extended to all, but was especially exerted over the "little ladies" in the Mansion House, towards keeping them together there, apart from the larger House, and under the motherly care of the matron, their kind and faithful teacher, Mr. Van Tassel. Her heartiest support and sympathy were at all plans for increasing the comfort and homelike effect of the Institution, as well as to branches of instruction which would be useful to the pupils in after life. Her influence was not only for all that was best, but was always most cordially and heartily exerted. The Committee deeply deplore her loss and feel that they as the Institution have been deprived of a most valued member; therefore,

Resolved, That this tribute to her memory be entered upon the minutes, and a be sent to her family.

The Ladies Committee records with sorrow the death of Mrs. Ethel Allen, their beloved Chairman for the past ten years. She became a member of the committee in 1879, and has therefore been connected with the Institution for twenty-three years, in all of which time she maintained an earnest interest in its welfare, and in that of its inmates.

She was eager to lend her influence toward developing its lines of usefulness, and ready to exert herself thereto. The first report in the Minutes, which suggests adding Horticulture to the list of pursuits for the pupils, is signed by the late Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Allen, and was written in 1879.

She was persistent in her efforts to add Cooking to the branches of instruction, and in the furtherance of that end, she corresponded with similar institutions in our own State, Illinois, and other progressive Western States. It was by her suggestion that it was extended to boys as well as girls, a step which seems to have been largely overlooked in the past. Her results. It is in a long report by Mrs. Allen in 1892, that the first suggestion appears for providing a Dentist at the Institution, a movement constantly advocated afterward until its adoption, a year or two later, and one which must have worked incalculable benefit to the children.

Her observation and judgment were keen but kindly, and while always more ready to praise than blame, she had the courage of her convictions and was not afraid to attack what she considered an evil. Her visits to the Institution were generally so timed as to enable her to lunch with the teachers, thereby fostering her friendly relations with them, and enabling her to judge of the food provided. Her inspection was always thorough, especially in former years, when the conditions prevailing had not reached their present excellence. Of late, failing health and strength made the effort to retain her former habits very great, but in one respect she never relaxed—the did what she could. The Annual Meeting in May was a great pleasure to her. She enjoyed the reunion with the Directors and patrons, many of them old friends, and all sharing in the time the same interests, and not the least of her pleasures was the ride back to the station with the old coachman, who had always ready for her a large bunch of spring wild flowers, with dogwood and wisteria, receiving in return the friendly thanks and little remembrance which held, with both, the kindly custom to another year. In her death, the Institution and Committee have lost a valuable friend and member; therefore,

Resolved, That this tribute to her memory be entered upon the minutes and a copy be sent to her family.

Maori Women.

The Maori women of Australasia have their rights—flourishing ones. Generally they have little voice or choice in the selection of their first husbands, but they may, and frequently do, change them. A woman may trade her husband without so much as a comment from the public, without the slightest smudge on her good name, and it is nothing to his discredit either. Courtship is always brief and does not often preface marriage. The Maoris, however, love to repeat oriental love tales and sing loves songs. Maori widows not infrequently commit suicide on the graves of their husbands and are honored for doing so, as in China. Divorce is simple; it needs no revenue, employs no officers. He turns her out of doors, and both are free to remarry. This is all. Girls are often betrothed irrevocably from infancy.

It will take a snail fourteen days and five hours to travel a mile.

STATE OF OHIO.

Opening of the Cleveland Day School Again Postponed.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Two Deaf-Mutes Win Prizes, at a Fair--Other Notes.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 969 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

The first of the week gave us another tinge of severe wintry weather, but since then old Sol has put forth his best looks. So at this writing one feels like getting rid of winter garb. The boys, too, are out with their marbles and kites. A pretty sure indication that spring is near at hand. Meanwhile the Independents are preparing for the season's games. The positions of the players have been changed somewhat and it is thought that it will strengthen the club in its plays. Just as soon as the condition of the grounds will permit the game will be on. Yesterday the manager of the club, Ernest Craig, received an offer from the Ohio Wesleyan University Club, at Delaware, O., to play a game in June. It had to be declined, as the date given was after the school is closed.

The opening of the Cleveland Day School, of which so much has been said, is again postponed to the first week in April. Fifty pupils have been enrolled so far, quite a come down from the 120 or 150—the number given some time ago.

The Board has decided to employ five teachers, but who they are or will be, has not been given out yet. Mrs. B. F. Taylor, who is connected with the Cleveland Board of Education, and who seems to think she knows all about the education of the deaf, was a caller at the institution, so the papers allege, during the recent meeting of the Superintendents' Convention in this city. She seemed surprised on finding that there were only seventeen pupils in attendance here from her city, and was glad of it, for the reason that she did not consider a State institution the best place for them. There is a great deal of rot in that little pretended argument, but we presume it is made for want of something better.

State School Commissioner Bonebrake, in company with Superintendent Jones, will go up Tuesday to inspect the School already there, and also the one at Eljria and see what progress they are making. The law establishing these schools puts them under the control of the State Commissioner, but as he is unfamiliar with such work, he probably takes Mr. Jones along to assist him and point out defects, and make suggestions.

Yesterday was Mr. E. T. King's birthday anniversary, but for all that matter, he made no stir over it, less thought about it. While busying himself during the evening, making some necessary repairs about the house, a ring on the door announced a number of friends and neighbors. Ed. was informed by his better half that callers were in the front room, and to come in and entertain them. Without any ceremony, he entered the room, and found himself unprepared in the midst of company. He was handed a number of presents, and informed that they were reminders of his forty-fourth birthday anniversary. The rest of the evening was pleasantly spent in various ways.

Earl, the six-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bard, died early this morning. It had been sick for quite a while, and four days ago was seized with spasms. We are not informed as to the immediate cause of its death. Their first child died during infancy, while they were living up in Findlay, and this second affliction therefore comes the harder. They have the sincere sympathy of all their friends in this loss.

The deaf as well as the hearing can get premiums at county fairs, if the farmer will put forth efforts as is illustrated below. Washington County lately published a list of persons receiving premiums last Fall at the county fair held. Among the successful ones are the names of Robert and Laura Ormiston. The former was given first premium on two largest ears of corn produced, best sweet potatoes and on two head of cattle. The latter took first premium on a rag carpet and rug of her own make. Both of the people were pupils of this school a few years ago.

Mr. Sooy Dresback passed through Columbus one day this week on his way to Jeffersonville, where he will assist Mr. Willie Hines on his farm this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Hines have also a deaf lady, Miss Florence Newman, who was a pupil here some years ago, doing housework for them. Mr. Harry Bard has been given a

position in the State Bindery, and commenced work last Monday. Misses M. Scott and Jennie Stewart, after a long vacation with friends, have returned and the force is now full again.

Mr. A. B. C. Quinn, whose home is in Harrison County, has secured a case in the Marietta Leader newspaper office, and likes the job.

Clarence B. Jones, who left school last Spring, has at last secured a place. He is employed by the Sell Harness Co., making bicycle saddles.

Last Saturday evening, Clonian Society was treated to a recitation by Mr. McGregor, the subject being the Prisoner of Zenda. It is to be repeated March 18th, at which time an admission fee of ten cents will be charged. The proceeds will go to the Home Fund.

Mr. S. B. Bashor, who has been boys' supervisor for about three years, has tendered his resignation to take effect March 15th. He has bought a half interest in a hardware store. Mr. Ira Hook will fill his place temporarily.

Miss Eliza O'Harra, one of the teachers, who went home about six weeks ago on account of poor health, resumed her work Monday.

The new boilers put in the engine house the past fall and winter are being tested by a professor of the State University. The work of wiring the building for electricity will begin soon. Mr. Thomas Cureton, of Mt. Vernon was some time ago appointed Electrician.

Mrs. Preston Perry, nee Ida White, of Detroit, Mich., presented her husband, on the 2d inst., a bouncing boy baby.

Willie Hoy has put his John Hancock to a Louisville, Ky., baseball contract for 1899, and if the club stays in the league he will play there the coming season. This evening the deaf of Cincinnati are to give Mr. and Mrs. Hoy a farewell reception preparatory to their moving to Louisville for the season.

The Cincinnati Anderson Club have secured Mr. Albert Berg for a lecture. The subject "The Philippines," and the date April 29th. March, 11 '99. A. B. G.

Overcome With Shame.

A young Irishman in want of a five pound note, wrote to his uncle as follows:

"Dear Uncle: If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why?"

"Because I have to ask you for a few pounds, and I do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by a messenger, who will wait for an answer."

"Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew,—"

"P.S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost!"

The uncle was naturally touched but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows: "My dear Jack: Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle."—N. Y. Herald.

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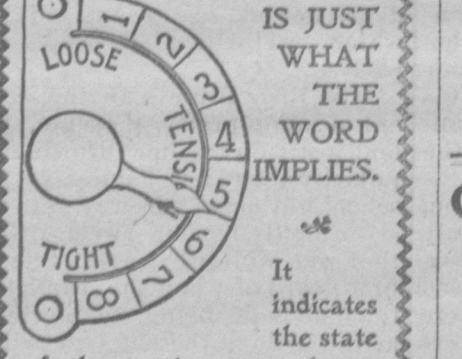
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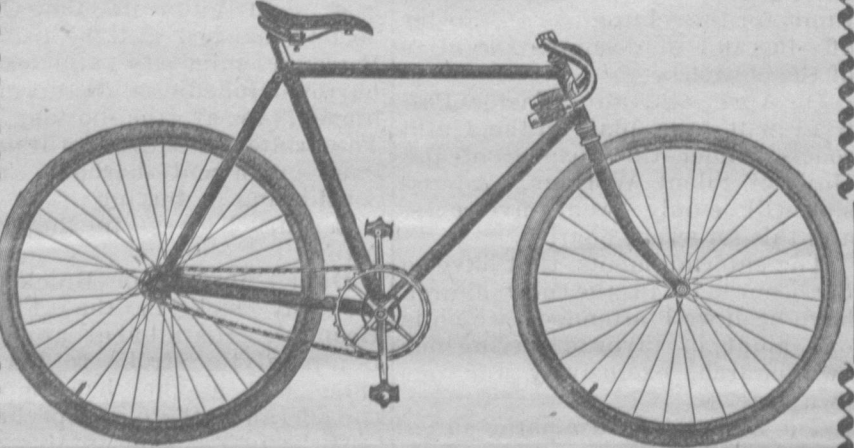
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